THE
Drunkard Forewarn'd,
AND THE
SWEARER
CAUTION'D,
IN A LATE
JUDGEMENT
On the Body of
Dowee Sitses:

Sent in a LETTER from *Theodorus Paludamus* Publick Preacher at *Lewarden* in *Frizeland*, to the Lady *Habuerin*.

Publisht for the Information of some, and Premonition to others, to Lead a more Pious Life.

LONDON, Printed for *William Sceates* in *Three-Diamond-Court* in *Hoster Lane*. 1682.

THE

Drunkard's Opportunity,

AND THE

SWEARER

CAUTIOND,

IN A LATE

JUDGEMENT

On the Bed of

Dowee Sisse:

Sent in a LETTER from *Theodorus Paludanus* Publick Preacher at *Lemar-*[illegible] to the Lady [illegible]

Published for the Information of some, and Pretension to others, to [illegible] more Pious Life.

LONDON: Printed for [illegible] in [illegible]

A True Copy of a Letter from Theodorus Paludamus, *Publick Preacher at* Lewarden *in* Frizeland, *to the Lady* Habuerin.

THe buſineſs of *Dowee Sitſes* Maſon of *Bolſworth*, was after this manner: I and others at *Lewarden* hearing the Reports mixed with many Fabulous things, gave little Credit to it: Whereupon the other day the Lord Procuror-general (to whom I am Uncle) came to me, and told me, he had an Order from the Lords of the Provincial-Court, to go and take an Information of the matter; and deſired me for the Strangeneſs thereof to go along with him, that we might be Eye Witneſſes thereof: I did willingly take hold of the opportunity offered me; we came there in the Evening, and in the Morning, when the Patient was to be Dreſt, we went to him, where we found two Maſter Chyrurgions, and their two Servants, buſie in making Plaiſters and Dreſſing the Patient, and he in ſuch a Lamentable Condition, as we could not behold but with Amazement; his Hair Burnt off

his Head to his Ears; his whole Face Burnt except his Eyes, which were ſcarce hurt; his Armes Burnt in ſeveral places; his Hands to t every end of his Fingers, were like a Foot of a Roaſted Fowl, but could move all his Fingers; his Breaſt Burnt in ſeveral plac.s, and alſo his Back, but one ſide more than the other, though the Chyrurgions declared that his Shirt was whole; His Belly under the Navel, for about the breadth of a Hand, was as Black as a Stock in which place the Chyrurgions made ſeveral Inciſions, and he felt it not; his Privities were in like manner: My Lady, you muſt forgive me, that I Write thus Homely; only am minded to give your Ladyſhip a perfect Account of the matter. Further, his Hips, Thighs and Legs were Lamentably Burnt, although his Stockings were on and Tyed; when the Chyrurgions came to him, and one Stocking was whole, except a little Hole in the Calf, but that Leg was moſt Burnt; the Chyrurgions declared alſo that his Shirt Sleeves were whole; his Feet alſo were Burnt. And in ſhort, I know not one part of him that was free; I look'd narrowly into all, and a Loathſome and Lamentable ſight it was. I went to the Woman *Hoyck Ankies*, who gave me a ſubſtantial Account of all the circumſtances, and alſo

her

her Husband; the Patient alſo after he was Dreſt, and had layn a while and got a little Breath, gave us a full Account of the Paſſages, with whom I willingly ſpoke, partly for the ſtirring up of his Soul, and partly to have a certain Teſtimony of things concerning him, though it was hard for him to ſpeak by reaſon of his weakneſs; all which Information the Lord Procuror-general took upon Oath from the Patient himſelf, from his Wife, and the Chyrurgions, and all agreed as one perſon in the Relation.

The thing was thus, upon the $\frac{13}{23}$ of *June* laſt at Evening, this *Dowee Sitſes* came Drunk into the Houſe of *Ruward Ipes Wigerſure*, a Tavern-keeper, where he with the man of the Houſe, and one *Albert Roloofes*, Drank 3 Quarts of Wine: And about half an Hour paſt Ten, his Daughter-in-Law came to call him, and he went home with her; and his Wife and he having been ſeveral days fallen out, he went into the Kitchin and lay down to Sleep upon the Cuſhions, and fell in a Dream about a Story he had Read in a Book of *Simon De Vries*, of a certain Company that had Danced in Maſquerade, with every one a Lighted Torch in their Hand, wherewith they Burnt one another; whereupon he waked and ſtood up, thinking to go in-

to

to the Yard to make Water, and of a ſudden he found himſelf of a Light-flame in the midſt of the Room, which Burnt him and a great part of his Cloaths ſo Lamentably, without ſeeing or hearing any thing but the Flame: While this Burning laſted he cryed out for help, but none came; then he began to Faint, and in his Diſtreſs cryed out, *Oh! God be Gracious unto me a poor Sinner*, and thereupon the Flame ceaſed in the twinkling of an Eye; but he grew Fainter and Fainter, and laid his Head upon a Cuſhion in a Corner of the Kitchin.

About Two in the Morning his Wife looked through a Glaſs-Window to ſee for her Husband, but being dark ſhe could not ſee him; ſhe opened the Door and went into the Kitchin, where ſhe found him in this miſerable Condition, and as ſhe went, ſhe felt ſomething under her Feet, which after ſhe got a Light, ſhe foundto be a Parcel of Red-aſhes, and Burnt-Rags, and Steping to her Husband, ſhe took hold of his Sleeve, and had only a Burnt piece thereof in her hand; whereupon ſhe cryes out, *Oh Lord!* Dowee, *Thou art grievouſly Burnt*: He Anſwered, *The Devil hath brought me into this Caſe*: She being amazed, called in the Neighbours, who were all aſtoniſhed, and brought the Chyrurgions, &c.

He

He had a *Bombazine*-Coat with *Braſs*-Buttons, which is quite Burnt up, Buttons and all, and nothing of it can be found; the Tin Buttons of his Waſtcoat are Melted, and lay there in little crooked bits and pieces upon the Floor: I had four or five pieces of them, I preſerved two of them, and gave the Lord Procuror-general the other. I was in the Kitchin, and in the midſt of the Floor where he ſtood; there are ſeveral of the Pavements as black as a Hearth that had Fire kept a good while upon it; bnt though the Kitchin was very Low, there was nothing to be ſeen of the Fire, one Cuſhion where he had lain, had a little Hole Burnt in it; the Neighbours found the Fire on the Hearth well covered up, and lay with White Aſhes on it; the Aſhes that lay on the Floor were Red, which might come off of his Coat that was Burnt. One of the Chyrurgions finding him thus Burnt, and that in an Unburnt Shirt and Stockins; ſaid to him, *This is no Natural Fire*; to which he Anſwered, *Without doubt it was not.*

His Wife ſaid, ſhe had cauſed their Miniſters to reprove him for his Drunkenneſs, but it had been in vain; ſo that the ſaying of *Solomon* is made true in him, *A man that is often Reproved*

and

and hardens his Neck, shall suddenly be broken, and there shall be no Healing. His Wife said also, that he had been very much given to Drink *Brandy* and other Strong Liquor, and that he had often with Oathes bound himself from it, yet fell into it again; his manner of words were, *That if he were Drunk again with it, he wish'd the Devil might Tear him Limb from Limb*: So that God hath made use of the Devil as an Executioner of his Judgment to bring the miserable mans own Curse upon him, not one Limb or Member is left whole upon him.

Surely it is a fearful Judgment of God, by which all Drunkards, Cursers, and all Ungodly men may see much: What it was that did it I cannot tell, for the Fire on the Hearth was safe covered; Lightning there was none in the Country that night; *Brandy* could not burn his Cloathes, so God knows how it came, we may wonder at it, but cannot find any Natural Cause. So I have given your Ladyship an Account of the Circumstances in Answer to your desire, according to my Ability, and commit you to Gods Grace, wishing you all manner of Health and Blessings, and am your Servant in the Lord,

Theodorus Paludanus Eccles. *Lewarden.*